

# Gallipolis Journal.

W. H. NASH, Proprietor.

VOLUME XXXIX.

"Truth and Justice."

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, THURSDAY, MARCH 5, 1874.

\$1.50 in Advance

NUMBER 17.

**ATTORNEYS.**  
C. W. WHITE. C. M. HOLCOMB.  
**WHITE & HOLCOMB,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
AND  
**NOTARIES PUBLIC.**  
Partition of Real Estate, Examination of Titles, Conveyancing and Business for Administrators, Executors and Guardians promptly attended to. Special attention given to Collections. OFFICE—IN THE COURT HOUSE.

**E. N. HARPER,**  
Attorney at Law,  
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.  
Pensions obtained and Government Claims prosecuted. Office on Second street, one door above Vandevan & Son. March 14, 1872.

**Cushing & Aleshire.**  
THE undersigned, having formed a partnership in the practice of the law in Gallipolis, Ohio, offer their professional services to the public. Office: Second floor of John C. Shepherd's Block, on Second street, fronting Public Square.  
ALONZO CUSHING,  
CHARLES C. ALESHIRE.  
May 29, 1873.

**C. W. BIRD,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
Gallipolis, Ohio.  
WILL attend to all business entrusted to his care in Gallia and adjoining counties, also in Mason county, West Va. Special attention given to Collections, Probate business, etc. Office on Second street, five doors below Locust. May 28, 1873.—1f

**W. H. H. Sisson,**  
Attorney at Law,  
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.  
Office—Near Court House.  
Sept. 18, 1873.

**MECHANICAL & OPERATIVE DENTISTRY!**  
**DR. J. R. SAFFORD.**  
Those wishing Artificial work, on any base which Science approves, will do well to call where they can have it done in the most artistic style. OFFICE—SECOND STREET, OVER J. H. WELCH'S STORE. Special attention given to Natural Teeth, a specialty; the best Teeth Powder and Brushes always on hand! (May 1, 1873.)

**H. A. GILLET, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
CHAMBERSBURG, OHIO.  
January 22, 1874.—1y

**CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY**  
  
**A. A. LYONS,**  
THIRD ST., near WOOLEN MILLS,  
Manufactures Carriages, Buggies, Farm and Spring Wagons, and dealer in Wagons and Carriage material.  
Special attention given to  
Carriage Painting and Trimming.  
May 15, 1873.—1y

**MARBLE WORKS.**  
**MILES & KERR,**  
**MARBLE CUTTERS,**  
AND MANUFACTURERS OF  
**MONUMENTS,**  
Tomb-Stones, &c.  
SECOND STREET, ABOVE PUBLIC SQUARE,  
Gallipolis, Ohio.  
WE do everything in the line of Marble Cutting on short notice, and refer those who desire reference as to our skill and ability to our work.  
Oct. 26, 1871.—1f

**GALLIPOLIS WHARF-BOAT.**  
**HAMILTON & ALESHIRE,**  
Forwarding and Commission Merchants.  
Special attention given to re-shipping Goods.  
Dec. 11, 1873.

**Boots and Shoes.**  
**J. F. Jenkins,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
**FRENCH CALF**  
Boots and Shoes.  
The best material used, and satisfaction guaranteed.  
All work warranted.  
SECOND STREET BELOW LOCUST,  
Gallipolis, O., Oct. 16, 1873.

**BANKING.**  
**FIRST NATIONAL BANK**  
GALLIPOLIS.  
EDWARD DELMONTE, President.  
JOS. HUNT, Vice President.  
J. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.  
Capital Stock, \$100,000.  
DIRECTORS: EDWARD DELMONTE, ROBERT BLACK, HENRY ALLEN, JOSEPH HUNT, JOHN HUTTENLOPER, J. S. BLANCHARD.  
Bury Gold, Silver, U. S. Bonds, Coupons and Government securities of all kinds. Bank open from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.  
J. A. HAMILTON, Cashier.  
Jan. 20, 1872

**OHIO VALLEY BANK,**  
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.  
Cash Capital, \$100,000.  
Individual Liability, \$800,000.  
A. HENKING, President.  
J. T. HALLIDAY, Vice President.  
W. T. MISTERS, Cashier.  
DIRECTORS: A. HENKING, H. N. BAILEY, A. W. ALLEN, J. T. HALLIDAY, W. M. SHOBOR.  
This Bank is prepared to transact a general Banking business, making collections on all points, and remitting as directed, promptly on day of payment. Interest allowed on all time deposits. No charge to regular depositors for New York or Cincinnati Exchange. Banking hours: From 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. November 7, 1872.

**MILLINERY.**  
**MRS. J. HOWELL,**  
DEALER IN  
MILLINERY GOODS,  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
Orders solicited and promptly and carefully filled.  
Court Street, between Second and Third Gallipolis, Jan. 26, 71.

**MILLINERY.**  
**Miss ALICE HILL,**  
Has removed her MILLINERY establishment to THIRD STREET, in the new building opposite the store of Mr. Charles Mack. Her friends are invited to call.  
Those indebted are kindly requested to call.  
January 22, 1874.

**DRY GOODS, &c.**  
**C. H. M'Cormick**  
Keeps a well assorted stock of  
To which he calls the attention of the public generally.  
My goods will be sold upon their merits entirely, and will not be misrepresented either in quality or color.  
N. B. I also have a fine stock of the celebrated Trefousse Kid Gloves, which I think cannot be beaten.  
Oct. 3, 1872.

**GALLIPOLIS Furniture Factory!**  
**GATEWOOD, FULLER & CO.**  
Manufacture the following specialties for the Trade:  
**BUREAUS,**  
**WASHSTANDS,**  
**BEDSTEADS,**  
**LOUNGES, AND**  
**KITCHEN SAFES.**  
FACTORY—State street, north of 4th. OFFICE—Corner of Third and State Streets.  
Wm. Gatewood, Wm. Shober, James G. Fuller, Jno. C. Huttenloper, Thos. R. Hayward.  
Oct. 9, 1873.

**BOOTS AND SHOES.**  
**JOHN J. MAXON,**  
DEALER IN  
Boots,  
Shoes,  
Hats,  
Caps,  
Leather,  
&c., &c.  
**ALESHIRE'S BLOCK,**  
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.  
We have the best of workmen in our Mechanical department, and all orders for Ladies and Gent's wear will be promptly attended to.  
Nov. 21, 1872.  
**R. H. GATES**  
Can be found at the old Langley stand at a Wagon REPAIRER.  
August 22, 1872.

**WHOLESALE GROCERS.**  
**HENKING, ALLEN & CO.,**  
WHOLESALE GROCERS  
AND  
Commission Merchants.  
—DEALERS IN—  
Produce, Provisions, and Liquors.  
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.  
Manufacturer's Agents  
RIFLE & BLASTING POWDER.  
Clifton Iron and Nail Co.  
HUNT'S CELEBRATED VIRGINIA TOBACCO.  
Jan. 7, 1872

**GROCERIES, &c.**  
**CHARLES SEMON,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
Groceries, Confectionaries, Provisions, &c.,  
COURT ST., BET. SECOND & THIRD, GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.  
Respectfully asks the citizens of Gallipolis to call at his establishment and examine his stock of  
**GROCERIES,**  
Containing of all articles to be found in a family grocery store.  
My stock of CONFECTIONERIES are large and complete: such as  
CANDIES, CAKES, NUTS, FRUITS, &c.  
By strict attention to business, selling at small profits, I hope to merit a share of public patronage.

**JO DENTON'S VISION.**  
BY JOHN B. HOLMES.  
JO Denton was considered an eminently respectable man. He had amassed wealth, he moved in society, patronized art and literature, was a pillar in his church, and dabbled in politics just enough to smother the party spirit when it did not suit him. We are not going to inquire too closely into Jo's early history, nor rake over the ashes of the past, nor dig up the old stepping-stones by which he had reached his success; they have for long years been covered up with the green turf of respectability; academic groves are planted above them, the church has a liberal pleasant look, all seeming to be unaware of the foundation it rests upon; and society claims the whole as its own. Yet there will be skeletons in the closet of memory, if nowhere else; the ghosts of murdered Banquo will appear at times and places inopportune; moral earthquakes will upheave the wicked old landmarks of sin, and bring to light all that is hideous in a man's past life, and show, after all, that the man who has a long time held a mortgage on his soul, and has patiently bided his time for foreclosure, in Jo Denton's case it happened in this way:  
He was accustomed, like many respectable men, to take his champagne and toddy in company with a few congenial spirits, who together constituted a "Convivial Club"—eminently high-toned and respectable. It was not until one day, when called for them during these orgies, if we may so term them; but on one occasion, when the champagne had sparkled with unusual brilliancy until night had stolen a kiss from rosy morning, Jo sprang from his seat and said: "Somebody calls me," and went out of the room. Directly there came back an unearthly shriek, and Jo's voice, in its wildest accents, cried: "Away, damnable shape! I cheat you out of your property! It's a lie, you villain!" and in quick succession followed two distinct reports of a pistol. Before his companions could reach the door Jo tumbled headlong into the room, with the blood streaming from his head, and to all appearance, dead.  
"He's shot!" cried all in chorus.  
On searching outside nobody could be found; but there was a revolver lying near the door.  
"An assassin!" cried one.  
"Some old enemy!" cried another. The police were aroused as quickly as possible, and started in pursuit of the murderer. While they were "working up the case" we will follow poor Jo. Can there be a doubt in any theological mind where he went, drunk as he was and boiling over with the bluest of blue devils? Close to him, we follow him as he presents himself at the gates of the Infernal Regions and asks admittance. A demon who acted the part of door-keeper put his ear to the key-hole and demanded who was there.  
"A friend," answered Jo.  
"Advance, friend, and give your name."  
"Jo Denton."  
"All right," said the demon, "the Devil has been expecting you for some time. Come right in!"  
As Jo entered, bowing low, the demon gave a whistle of astonishment as he said: "Well-a-day, my friend, you are in a sad plight; what has happened to your head?"  
"Top blows clear off," answered Jo; "and I'm afraid I'm done for, unless your folks can help me."  
"I'll announce you to his Satanic Majesty at once," said the demon, darting away.  
In a few moments there was a sound as of a Kansas cyclone, and Satan bounded into the room, flaring it with a horrible smell of burnt gunpowder.  
"Why, old friend Jo!" cried Satan, throwing his claws about him, and breathing sulphurous smoke in his face, "here at last, old boy, eh?" and at the same time giving him a friendly hug with his tail. "Glad to see you! You have done well—played the religious dodge to perfection, and for so many years—ha! ha!"  
"Fet in, your Satanic Majesty," said Jo, "I didn't mean to come just yet—let my earthly affairs in an unsettled condition. My property will be gone to the—beg pardon, I meant to say that my family will be unable to provide for me unless I go back to earth to settle my business."  
"What to go back to earth," said Satan, "well, well, you have been a good and faithful servant, and I'll see what can be done. But what's this?" said Satan, "top of your head gone? Bless me, how odd you look!—moral works all gone! ha! ha! You can't go back to earth in that shape."  
"That's just it," said Jo, "I want to get fixed up for a few years—new trip had."  
"Can construct a skull for you," said Satan, "but won't put the moral works in again; you might give me the slip."  
"Well," said Jo, "fix up my skull respectable like, and I'll trust to luck to get it filled up."  
"Must make one stipulation," said Satan.  
"What is that?"  
"That you will not let certain parties that I shall name occupy any part of your reconstructed skull."  
"What parties are they?"  
"You see your head is off just above Destructiveness, as the phrenologists call it."  
"Well?"  
"There is a big space to be filled, if I reconstruct your skull on the old plan."  
"Exactly," said Jo, "and there are parties waiting to occupy it."  
"There's the rub," said Satan; "now I'll name such parties as must not be permitted to occupy it."  
"Go on," said Jo.  
"Well, to begin with, there's Conscience in your head; you might have had a great many more years ago if you had not been so cautious about the consequences. Next are Sublimity and Ideality. Though Ideality leads a few astray in the matter of extravagant dressing, I know she is my enemy. Poets, artists, the best writers of all ages, employ Ideality and Sublimity in the conception and finishing of the best productions. Sublimity was old John Milton's right bower in the construction of 'Paradise Lost,' in which he painted me in such forbidding colors. I'm not a particular friend of Sublimity."  
"Well, what more?"  
"There's the Conscienceless. On no consideration must Conscienceless occupy a place in your head. That faculty has caused me more trouble than all the rest. It's always interfering with a man who undertakes to serve me. Says Pope: 'What conscience dictates to be done, Or warns me not to do—That, teach me more than hell to shun, That, more than heaven pursue.'"  
No, no; Conscienceless must not be admitted. It's the still, small voice. If I could have my way, I'd leave that faculty out of every child's brain."  
"You are making a good many vacancies. Any more?"  
"Yes, there's Hope. I don't want you to let Hope have even a deck-room in your head. It's always retarding the lost sinner's progress. As the poets say—  
"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."  
Just as I think I've got a sinner snare, Hope breathes into his soul an encouraging word, and away goes my sinner toward the gates of Paradise."  
"Surely," said Jo, "that is enough of the old occupants to exclude from my reconstructed head."  
"No, no," said Satan, "I'm not through yet. Human Nature must be excluded. I ruin people, and especially young people, by hiding my motives; and your young man or young woman who has Human Nature divines these motives, and I lose my prize."  
"Still more exclusions?"  
"Yes. Veneration must be shut out. Respect for parents and veneration for the Supreme Being are bad for me. It costs a world of trouble to counteract their influence when they have taken root in childhood. Benevolence, too, must be excluded, unless, indeed, it be so very large that a man will cheat and lie and steal for the purpose of having means whereby to exercise his Benevolence; but this is so rare that I think it had better be excluded."  
"I hope you are near the end of your proscription," said Jo.  
"One more," answered Satan, "and a very important one. It is Spirituality. On no account allow Spirituality to cross the threshold of your brain. It's a very Jacob's ladder to heaven, and once there, once in a man's brain, I may as well abandon him."  
"Is that the end?"  
"That will do; I do not think that what good will be left can possibly keep you from me. And now, to close the business, I must have a second mortgage on your soul that you will fill these vacant places in your skull with such tenants as Demons, Secretiveness, that makes men liars and thieves; Acquisitiveness, that gets money for its own sake, and does no good with it; Combative-ness, that is over the foremost in quarrels—these and their friends are the tenants that must occupy your reconstructed skull."  
"Your conditions are hard," said Jo, "and what if I do not fulfill them?"  
"Then you can stay upon earth as long as you choose."  
"Thanks, thanks!" cried Jo, "and can arrange my affairs."  
"Your skull shall be made whole!" cried Satan, and without more words his architects fell to work on Jo's skull. What with pounding, chiseling, and making the partitions, they drove him to distraction; and to add to his horrible agony and terror, when it was nearly completed the walls began to settle and the whole began to lurch as if it would fall. Then came the jack screws that were put under to raise it up. The planks upon which to work them were thrown remorselessly upon his soft brain, and the power of a hundred mules applied. Jo yelled in agony as they turned the screws. At length his skull was completed, and Jo found himself with a whole head.  
"Now," said Satan, "lie down and rest yourself before undertaking your journey to earth; for I assure you it is much more difficult to get out of hell than to get into it."  
Following the advice of Satan, Jo laid himself down in the coolest spot he could find, and so fast asleep he was with the pain of the operation, that in dreams he was wafted back to earth again. His old companions welcomed him, but his heart was heavy with the thoughts of his terrible contract with Satan. "How is it possible," thought he, "to fill the empty chasms in my head—once the homes of my truest and best friends—with such demons as Satan would have? Ah, me! would that I had never been born!"  
To add to his misery, Consciencelessness came and rapped at the door of his accustomed home. "I see friend Jo, thou art here again. I've been searching for thee far and wide, the I might occupy my old place again, although you shut me close, and stifled my voice when I tried to save thee from harm."  
"Begone! thou art quite ready to occupy another's property!"  
"I tried to find thee," returned Consciencelessness, "but in vain."  
"Avaunt! I tell thee I will smite thee to the earth!"  
Next came Sublimity and Ideality—the one majestic in mind, the other the personification of all that is lovely in the graces.  
"Here is my dear home at last!" and so saying Ideality threw her arms about Jo's neck and kissed him. "Now let us go in to our abiding place."  
"Curse upon you!" cried Jo. "You here too? Away! Bring some fiend to occupy your place, unless you can decorate hell with more horrors than it now possesses!"  
Ideality gathered up her beautiful robes and fled in dismay.  
"Satan in this work!" cried Sublimity, as he dashed his ponderous weight against the door of his old home, and in an instant was inside.  
"Well done!" cried Jo. "You're there you are!"  
"Yes, and I'm here to stay."  
"I've lost! I'm lost!" cried Jo.  
"No, you're saved!" cried Sublimity, "if you but call in your old friends. There's Conscienceless, the just; Hope, that never despairs; Human Nature, that can tell you of the motives of Satan, himself; Veneration, that looks for help to the Supreme Being; Benevolence, that will win your enemies by kindness, and Spirituality, that lights up a path in the darkest hour. Let them in, and then let Satan win if he can!"  
"Oh, that your game, is it?" yelled Satan, hurling a brimstone isle at Jo's head.  
"Come! friends!" shrieked Jo, "quick! help against Satan! Come, Conscience, Hope, Spirituality! Oh, Jesus!—Come!"  
"Jo! dear Jo! Don't you know me, your own wife? Here are all your friends!"  
Jo looked for a moment wildly at his wife, and then falls back upon the bed. The wilderness is gone.  
"Where am I?" he at length asks.  
"In your own house, dear Jo."  
"Thank God!" he says. "Now, isn't my head shot off?"  
"Was I in a fight?"  
"Never mind now, Jo, you must lie down and rest yourself."  
"Just what Satan said to me."  
"He's out of his head," says one.  
"No, not now," says Jo, "I'm as sane as ever I was in my life—that is, if my head is all right,—and Jo carefully put his hand on the top of his head as if expecting to find it there."  
"Thank heaven! then it was a dream."  
He insisted on being told what had happened.  
"Three days ago," said his wife, "you went to your Convivial Club, and—drank until you had the blue devils," suggested Jo.  
"Yes, and in your raving you drew your revolver and—"  
"Shot the top of my head off!" interrupted Jo.  
"No, but made an ugly pistol shot wound on your head, and the surgeon had to raise a portion of your skull from your brain. A hair's breadth more, and you would have been past help."  
Then there was more rejoicing and more thankfulness.  
Jo mended rapidly under the loving care of his wife, and was soon able to be about. He went once

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"Thanks, thanks!" cried Jo, "and can arrange my affairs."  
"Your skull shall be made whole!" cried Satan, and without more words his architects fell to work on Jo's skull. What with pounding, chiseling, and making the partitions, they drove him to distraction; and to add to his horrible agony and terror, when it was nearly completed the walls began to settle and the whole began to lurch as if it would fall. Then came the jack screws that were put under to raise it up. The planks upon which to work them were thrown remorselessly upon his soft brain, and the power of a hundred mules applied. Jo yelled in agony as they turned the screws. At length his skull was completed, and Jo found himself with a whole head.  
"Now," said Satan, "lie down and rest yourself before undertaking your journey to earth; for I assure you it is much more difficult to get out of hell than to get into it."  
Following the advice of Satan, Jo laid himself down in the coolest spot he could find, and so fast asleep he was with the pain of the operation, that in dreams he was wafted back to earth again. His old companions welcomed him, but his heart was heavy with the thoughts of his terrible contract with Satan. "How is it possible," thought he, "to fill the empty chasms in my head—once the homes of my truest and best friends—with such demons as Satan would have? Ah, me! would that I had never been born!"  
To add to his misery, Consciencelessness came and rapped at the door of his accustomed home. "I see friend Jo, thou art here again. I've been searching for thee far and wide, the I might occupy my old place again, although you shut me close, and stifled my voice when I tried to save thee from harm."  
"Begone! thou art quite ready to occupy another's property!"  
"I tried to find thee," returned Consciencelessness, "but in vain."  
"Avaunt! I tell thee I will smite thee to the earth!"  
Next came Sublimity and Ideality—the one majestic in mind, the other the personification of all that is lovely in the graces.  
"Here is my dear home at last!" and so saying Ideality threw her arms about Jo's neck and kissed him. "Now let us go in to our abiding place."  
"Curse upon you!" cried Jo. "You here too? Away! Bring some fiend to occupy your place, unless you can decorate hell with more horrors than it now possesses!"  
Ideality gathered up her beautiful robes and fled in dismay.  
"Satan in this work!" cried Sublimity, as he dashed his ponderous weight against the door of his old home, and in an instant was inside.  
"Well done!" cried Jo. "You're there you are!"  
"Yes, and I'm here to stay."  
"I've lost! I'm lost!" cried Jo.  
"No, you're saved!" cried Sublimity, "if you but call in your old friends. There's Conscienceless, the just; Hope, that never despairs; Human Nature, that can tell you of the motives of Satan, himself; Veneration, that looks for help to the Supreme Being; Benevolence, that will win your enemies by kindness, and Spirituality, that lights up a path in the darkest hour. Let them in, and then let Satan win if he can!"  
"Oh, that your game, is it?" yelled Satan, hurling a brimstone isle at Jo's head.  
"Come! friends!" shrieked Jo, "quick! help against Satan! Come, Conscience, Hope, Spirituality! Oh, Jesus!—Come!"  
"Jo! dear Jo! Don't you know me, your own wife? Here are all your friends!"  
Jo looked for a moment wildly at his wife, and then falls back upon the bed. The wilderness is gone.  
"Where am I?" he at length asks.  
"In your own house, dear Jo."  
"Thank God!" he says. "Now, isn't my head shot off?"  
"Was I in a fight?"  
"Never mind now, Jo, you must lie down and rest yourself."  
"Just what Satan said to me."  
"He's out of his head," says one.  
"No, not now," says Jo, "I'm as sane as ever I was in my life—that is, if my head is all right,—and Jo carefully put his hand on the top of his head as if expecting to find it there."  
"Thank heaven! then it was a dream."  
He insisted on being told what had happened.  
"Three days ago," said his wife, "you went to your Convivial Club, and—drank until you had the blue devils," suggested Jo.  
"Yes, and in your raving you drew your revolver and—"  
"Shot the top of my head off!" interrupted Jo.  
"No, but made an ugly pistol shot wound on your head, and the surgeon had to raise a portion of your skull from your brain. A hair's breadth more, and you would have been past help."  
Then there was more rejoicing and more thankfulness.  
Jo mended rapidly under the loving care of his wife, and was soon able to be about. He went once

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(Formerly of HENRI HOUSE).  
\$2.00 per Day.  
Sept. 11, 1873.—1f

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At Centerville, Ohio.  
**D. W. RICKBAUGH**  
HAS fitted and furnished a building for the accommodation of the public, and hopes to receive a share of patronage. Travelling agents and Hackmen will find it to their advantage to call.  
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Flour, Wheat,  
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**EUREKA MILLS,**  
GALLIPOLIS, OHIO.  
May 9, 1867.—1f

**Patience Dow.**  
BY MARIAN DOUGLAS, IN MARCH ATLANTIC.  
Home from the mill came Patience Dow; she did not smile, she would not talk; And now she was all tears, and now, As fierce as a captive hawk, Unmild of her faded gown. She sat with folded hands all day, Her long hair falling tangled down, Her sad eyes gazing far away. Where, past the fields, a silver line, She saw the distant river shine. But, when she thought herself alone, One night, they heard her muttering low.  
In such a chill, despairing tone, It seemed the east wind's sullen moan: "Ah me! the days, they move so slow! I care not if they're within four feet! They creep along—I know not how; I only know he loved me once— He does not love me now!"  
One morning, vacant was her room; And in the closet wall, with dew, A narrow line of broken bloom Showered and soon had been passing through;  
And, following the track, it led Across a field of summer grain, Out where the thorny blackberries shed Their blossoms in the narrow lane, Down which the cattle went to drink In summer from the river's brink. The fatal thought that drew her there They knew, before, among the rank, White-blossomed weeds upon the bank. They found the shadow she cast to wean, And on it planned a little note: "Oh, blame me not!" it read, "for when I once am free, my soul will float To him! He cannot leave me then! I know not if 'tis right or wrong— I go from life—I care not how; I only know he loved me once— He does not love me now!"  
In the farm graveyard 'neath the black, Funeral pine-trees on the hill, The poor, worn form the stream gave back.  
They laid in slumber, cold and still. Her secret slept with her: none knew Whose life she had left the point of death. That cursed her life: to one thought true, Her vision-haunted, wandering brain, Scarcely from all, hid safe from blame, In life and death had kept his name. Yet, often, with a thrill of fear, Her mother, as she lies awake At night, will whisper she can hear A voice, whose tone is like the dream, Low sound the graveyard pine-trees make: "I know not if 'tis right or wrong— I go from life—I care not how; I only know he loved me once— He does not love me now!"

**JO DENTON'S VISION.**  
BY JOHN B. HOLMES.  
JO Denton was considered an eminently respectable man. He had amassed wealth, he moved in society, patronized art and literature, was a pillar in his church, and dabbled in politics just enough to smother the party spirit when it did not suit him. We are not going to inquire too closely into Jo's early history, nor rake over the ashes of the past, nor dig up the old stepping-stones by which he had reached his success; they have for long years been covered up with the green turf of respectability; academic groves are planted above them, the church has a liberal pleasant look, all seeming to be unaware of the foundation it rests upon; and society claims the whole as its own. Yet there will be skeletons in the closet of memory, if nowhere else; the ghosts of murdered Banquo will appear at times and places inopportune; moral earthquakes will upheave the wicked old landmarks of sin, and bring to light all that is hideous in a man's past life, and show, after all, that the man who has a long time held a mortgage on his soul, and has patiently bided his time for foreclosure, in Jo Denton's case it happened in this way:  
He was accustomed, like many respectable men, to take his champagne and toddy in company with a few congenial spirits, who together constituted a "Convivial Club"—eminently high-toned and respectable. It was not until one day, when called for them during these orgies, if we may so term them; but on one occasion, when the champagne had sparkled with unusual brilliancy until night had stolen a kiss from rosy morning, Jo sprang from his seat and said: "Somebody calls me," and went out of the room. Directly there came back an unearthly shriek, and Jo's voice, in its wildest accents, cried: "Away, damnable shape! I cheat you out of your property! It's a lie, you villain!" and in quick succession followed two distinct reports of a pistol. Before his companions could reach the door Jo tumbled headlong into the room, with the blood streaming from his head, and to all appearance, dead.  
"He's shot!" cried all in chorus.  
On searching outside nobody could be found; but there was a revolver lying near the door.  
"An assassin!" cried one.  
"Some old enemy!" cried another. The police were aroused as quickly as possible, and started in pursuit of the murderer. While they were "working up the case" we will follow poor Jo. Can there be a doubt in any theological mind where he went, drunk as he was and boiling over with the bluest of blue devils? Close to him, we follow him as he presents himself at the gates of the Infernal Regions and asks admittance. A demon who acted the part of door-keeper put his ear to the key-hole and demanded who was there.  
"A friend," answered Jo.  
"Advance, friend, and give your name."  
"Jo Denton."  
"All right," said the demon, "the Devil has been expecting you for some time. Come right in!"  
As Jo entered, bowing low, the demon gave a whistle of astonishment as he said: "Well-a-day, my friend, you are in a sad plight; what has happened to your head?"  
"Top blows clear off," answered Jo; "and I'm afraid I'm done for, unless your folks can help me."  
"I'll announce you to his Satanic Majesty at once," said the demon, darting away.  
In a few moments there was a sound as of a Kansas cyclone, and Satan bounded into the room, flaring it with a horrible smell of burnt gunpowder.  
"Why, old friend Jo!" cried Satan, throwing his claws about him, and breathing sulphurous smoke in his face, "here at last, old boy, eh?" and at the same time giving him a friendly hug with his tail. "Glad to see you! You have done well—played the religious dodge to perfection, and for so many years—ha! ha!"  
"Fet in, your Satanic Majesty," said Jo, "I didn't mean to come just yet—let my earthly affairs in an unsettled condition. My property will be gone to the—beg pardon, I meant to say that my family will be unable to provide for me unless I go back to earth to settle my business."  
"What to go back to earth," said Satan, "well, well, you have been a good and faithful servant, and I'll see what can be done. But what's this?" said Satan, "top of your head gone? Bless me, how odd you look!—moral works all gone! ha! ha! You can't go back to earth in that shape."  
"That's just it," said Jo, "I want to get fixed up for a few years—new trip had."  
"Can construct a skull for you," said Satan, "but won't put the moral works in again; you might give me the slip."  
"Well," said Jo, "fix up my skull respectable like, and I'll trust to luck to get it filled up."  
"Must make one stipulation," said Satan.  
"What is that?"  
"That you will not let certain parties that I shall name occupy any part of your reconstructed skull."  
"What parties are they?"  
"You see your head is off just above Destructiveness, as the phrenologists call it."  
"Well?"  
"There is a big space to be filled, if I reconstruct your skull on the old plan."  
"Exactly," said Jo, "and there are parties waiting to occupy it."  
"There's the rub," said Satan; "now I'll name such parties as must not be permitted to occupy it."  
"Go on," said Jo.  
"Well, to begin with, there's Conscience in your head; you might have had a great many more years ago if you had not been so cautious about the consequences. Next are Sublimity and Ideality. Though Ideality leads a few astray in the matter of extravagant dressing, I know she is my